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THE  
MODERN  
FINE GENTLEMAN.

16

*By Isaac Jennings.*

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Quale Portentum neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,  
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, Leonum  
Arida Nutrix.

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THE CLYDEMAN.

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**J**UST broke from School, pert, impudent, and raw,  
Expert in Latin, more expert in Taw,  
His Honour posts o're ITALY and FRANCE,  
Measures St. PETER'S Dome, and learns to dance.  
Thence, having quick thro' various Countries flown,  
Glean'd all their Follies, and expos'd his own,  
He back returns, a Thing so strange all o'er,  
As never Ages past produc'd before:  
A Monster of such complicated Worth,  
As no one single Clime could e're bring forth:  
Half Atheist, Papist, Gamester, Bubble, Rook,  
Half Fiddler, Coachman, Dancer, Groom, and Cook.

Next, because Bus'ness now is all the Vogue,  
And who'd be quite polite must be a Rogue,

B

In

In Parliament he purchases a Seat,  
 To make th' accomplish'd Gentleman compleat.  
 There safe in self-sufficient Impudence,  
 Without Experience, Honesty, or Sense,  
 Unknowing in her Int'rest, Trade, or Laws,  
 He vainly undertakes his Country's Cause:  
 Forth from his Lips, prepar'd at all to rail,  
 Torrents of Nonsense burst; like bottled Ale,  
 Tho' shallow, muddy, brisk, tho' mighty dull,  
 Fierce without Strength, o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his Garb, and Air,  
 His Neck yok'd down with Bag and Solitaire.  
 The Liberties of BRITAIN he supports,  
 And storms at Place-men, Ministers, and Courts;  
 Now in cropt greasy Hair, and leather Breeches,  
 He loudly bellows out his Patriot Speeches:  
 King, Lords, and Commons ventures to abuse,  
 Yet dares to shew those Ears, he ought to lose.

From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies,  
 There fits with Countenance erect, and wise,  
 And talks of Games at Whist, and pig-tail Pies. }



Plays all the Night, nor doubts each Law to break,  
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make,  
 Trembling, and anxious stakes his utmost Groat,  
 Peeps o'er his Cards, and looks as if he thought,  
 Next Morn disowns the Losses of the Night,  
 Because the Fool would fain be thought a Bite.

Devoted thus to Politicks, and Cards,  
 Nor Mirth, nor Wine, nor Women he regards,  
 So far is ev'ry Virtue from his Heart,  
 That not a gen'rous Vice can claim a Part;  
 Nay, lest one human Passion e're should move,  
 His Soul to Friendship, Tenderness, or Love,  
 To FIGG, and BRAUGHTON he commits his Breast,  
 To steel it to the fashionable Test.

Thus poor in Wealth he labours to no End,  
 Wretched alone, in Crowds without a Friend;  
 Insensible to all that's Good, or Kind,  
 Deaf to all Merit, to all Beauty blind;  
 For Love too busy, and for Wit too grave,  
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious Knave,

By

By little Actions striving to be Great,  
And proud to be, and to be thought a Cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his Success,  
That as his Fame improves, his Rents grow less;  
On Parchment Wings his Acres take their Flight,  
And his unpeopled Groves admit the Light;  
With his Estate his Int'rest too is done,  
His honest Borough seeks a warmer Sun,  
For him, now Cash, and Liquor flows no more,  
His independent Voters cease to roar:  
And BRITAIN soon must want the great Defence  
Of all his Honesty, and Eloquence,  
But that the gen'rous Youth more anxious grown  
For publick Liberty, than for his own,  
Marries some jointur'd antiquated Crone:  
And boldly, when his Country is at Stake,  
Braves the deep yawning Gulph, like CURTIUS, for its Sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of Coin,  
He digs no longer in th' exhausted Mine,

But



But seeks Preferment, as the last Resort,  
 Cringes each Morn at Levee's, bows at Court,  
 And, from the Hand he hates, implores Support:  
 The Minister, well pleas'd at small Expence  
 To silence so much rude Impertinence,  
 With Squeeze, and Whisper yields to his Demands,  
 And on the venal List enroll'd he stands,  
 A Ribband, and a Pension buy the Slave,  
 This bribes the Fool about him, that the Knave.

And now arriv'd at his meridian Glory,  
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig, and Tory;  
 Of Independence now he talks no more,  
 Nor shakes the Senate with his Patriot Roar,  
 But silent votes, and with Court Trappings hung,  
 Eyes his own glitt'ring Star, and holds his Tongue.  
 In Craft political a Bankrupt made,  
 He sticks to Gaming, as the surer Trade;  
 Turns downright Sharper, lives by sucking Blood,  
 And grows in short the very Thing, he wou'd:  
 Hunts out young Heirs, who have their Fortunes spent,  
 And lends them ready Cash at Cent per Cent,

Lays



Lays Wagers on his own, and others Lives,  
 Fights Uncles, Fathers, Grandmothers, and Wives,  
 Till Death at length, indignant to be made  
 The daily Subject of his Sport, and Trade,  
 Veils with his sable Hand the Wretch's Eyes,  
 And groaning for the Betts, he loses by't, he dies.

F I N I S.

